

40,000 FANS SEE GAME, 20,000 ARE TURNED AWAY

first thrill. Marquard called the turn on Oldring and caught him napping off first by a quick throw to Merkle.

After getting two strikes on Eddie Collins, Marquard pumped over another fast one and the star second baseman of the Athletics faced it over second for a single. Oldring, who apparently was a little lacking in control, pitched the second ball into the dirt. Marquard was loudly cheered as he came to bat, but the best he could do after waiting for two balls was to lift an easy fly to Burns that retired the side. Notwithstanding that Marquard had allowed two hits, he had pitched but nine balls during the inning. No Runs. One Left.

Bender started in to work indifferently. His first toss was a curve ball that came near striking Shaffer on the foot. The second was a fast one that cut the heart of the plate for a called strike. Shaffer fouled off the next one and Bender, who apparently was a little lacking in control, pitched the next one in the dirt. Shaffer then lined a long drive that Eddie Murphy pulled down in right. The first ball to Doyle was low and inside, but the next one was a good one and Larry hit under it, lifting an easy fly to Strunk.

Fletcher fouled off the first one, but the next was so wild as to get past Schanz. Klem then called a ball on Bender that caused the Chief to shake his head in doubt. Fletcher then caught a curve squarely on the nose and whacked it into left for a clean single, giving the Giant rooters their first change to yell. On the first ball pitched to Burns Fletcher made a dash for second, but Schanz's snap throw to Collins landed him by a foot. No Runs. None Left.

SECOND INNING.

After taking one strike, Melinas swung vigorously at Marquard's first curve and died on a soft grounder that Herzog had gathered in and shot to Merkle. Marquard was showing a great burst of speed now and shot three fast ones over on Strunk for the first strike-out of the game. Barry swung at the first one and bounced a grounder towards short that was easy work for Fletcher and Merkle. In this inning Marquard pitched but seven balls. No Runs. None Left.

In the second half for the Giants Bender persisted in trying his curve and could not get it over until he had given Burns three balls. He went back to his fast ball and put two over. Burns took a chance on the next one, thinking it a fourth ball, but Klem called him out on strikes. Bender fooled Herzog badly with a curve that he missed by two feet. A foul made the second strike, and then came a ball. Herzog flied the next one into the stands for a foul. He finally got Bender in the two, three hole, but fell for a slow ball and rolled out to McInnes. Unassisted. Murray took one strike and one ball, but Bender failed to catch him napping with a slow one, and Red Jack lined it viciously into left for a single. This made the hitting even up. Meyers was evidently trying to knock the ball out of the lot, but after two hard swings he lifted an easy fly to Oldring in left. No Runs. One Left.

THIRD INNING.

Schanz was an easy victim for Marquard going after a fast one on the inside and lifting a fly to Burns. Bender was cheered lustily as he came to bat and, after taking two strikes, shot a grounder that Fletcher threw to Merkle. The throw was low but Merkle made a neat pickup and saved it. Eddie Murphy walked into a fast one and snapped a single over Doyle's head. The count stood one and one on Oldring when he bounced a grounder that Fletcher gathered in and touched second base forcing out Murphy. This time Marquard pitched thirteen balls. No Runs. One Left.

Murphy and Melinas collided in going for Merkle's long foul, which they missed, but neither were hurt. Barry fumbled Merkle's grounder slightly, but it was such a difficult chance that the error gave Bender a hit. Marquard sacrificed perfectly. Collins to Melinas, and Merkle advanced to second. Shaffer tried to hike out a good one, but finally swung on a curve and lifted a high fly to Strunk in center. Doyle then set the fans wild by smashing a clean drive into right for a single, and Merkle slid home with the first run of the game. The Giants then attempted the hit and run play, but as Doyle was well on his way to second Fletcher sent a line drive squarely into Murphy's hands. Bender also pitched thirteen balls. One Run. One Left.

FOURTH INNING.

When the Athletics came to bat Collins swung on the first ball pitched and shot it to the fence in deep center for a clean three-bagger. This was Eddie's second hit. Baker's slow grounder to Doyle was slightly fumbled, but was scored a hit, and Collins came home with the run that tied the score. Melinas sacrificed, Marquard to Merkle, advancing Baker to second. Marquard and Meyers got crossed in their signals on Strunk, and had to hold a conference. He then hit a grounder to Marquard, who threw to Herzog, forcing out Baker.

Barry smashed a fast one past Herzog at third for two bases that sent Strunk to third. Schanz now had the chance of his life and made good by lining a drive to center, which Shaffer judged and then let set away from him for three bases, allowing both Strunk and Barry to score. In this play the Giants felt the absence of Snodgrass; it would have been an easy chance for him. Marquard threw out Bender. Three Runs. One Left. Marquard this time pitched sixteen balls. The Giants came back fighting, and Burns smashed the first ball pitched against the left field fence for two bases. Bender took a sharp rap from Herzog's bat and Burns was caught in a run up. Bender to Baker to Collins to Baker to Barry, while Herzog moved up to second. Murray took a long chance in waiting for a good one and was called out on strikes. Herzog was almost tossed with a fast one, and then swung so viciously he hit a foul into the stands that struck a spectator. He finally retired the side on a high fly to Oldring. Bender used eleven balls this inning. No Runs. One Left.

World Wants Work Wonders.

CROWD SMASHED FENCE WHEN GATES WERE CLOSED BARRING 20,000 FANS

Many Stood in Line All Night—Mayor Kline Throws Out the Ball for First Game of the World's Series.

By ROBERT EDGREN.
(By Special Wire to The Evening World.)

POLO GROUNDS, Oct. 7.—With twenty thousand disappointed baseball fans unable to get into the great stadium and very nearly 40,000 happier and luckier persons inside, and a half a hundred sturdy heroes in uniform cavorting over the field, kept dry over night by tarpaulin covers, the stage for the first of the games between the Giants and Athletics for the baseball championship of the world was set at 1.30 o'clock today.

The sale of tickets was ordered stopped at 1 o'clock by Police Inspector Titus. For an hour police lines had kept an empty space on Eighth avenue from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street to One Hundred and Fifty-sixth streets, and would-be ticket buyers, formed in a line which reached to Bradhurst avenue and One Hundred and Forty-seventh street, had been admitted to the ticket gates in battalions of four and five hundred.

Word that the gates were to be closed flashed down the line almost as soon as Inspector Titus had uttered it. Six hundred men and boys broke out of the line in One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, swirled to a board fence around the lots which face the entrance to the grounds and broke it down. Brushing aside the police, they charged the ticket gates. They were allowed to go through. Chief Howe of the Bureau of Fire Prevention made a survey of the grounds, and at ten minutes past 1 o'clock on his recommendation a last thousand was admitted.

It was almost certain that Marquard would pitch and that Bender would work for Philadelphia.

One glance at the Giants as they strode across the field was enough to make it certain that Fred Snodgrass would be unable to play in the opening game. The "charley horse" that has stiffened his leg for several days was still present. A few minutes later McGraw confirmed it by announcing to his nearby friends that Tilly Shaffer would play in center field and that Herzog would play third base. This was not regarded as a serious handicap. Shaffer and Herzog are both better batters than Snodgrass. The disadvantage in Shaffer's lack of experience in the outfield is overcome by the advantage gained in hitting strength. Larry Doyle appeared in excellent shape and announced to several of his friends as he leaned on the wall surrounding the bench that he would most certainly play second base. His injured shoulder, apparently, did not bother him in the least.

LOOKED LIKE RAIN EARLY TO-DAY.

A heavy wet haze hung over the Polo Grounds at 9.30 this morning, when the gates were opened and the waiting crowd began to drift slowly in. The air was full of that rainy feeling, warm and sticky. This gave great joy to the speculator, huddled beyond the police lines. In case of rain they might be able to carry on a colossal business in rain checks. And early in the morning a light drizzle had laid the dust of the infield.

No better arrangements have ever been made for handling a big crowd at the New York grounds. Beginning with the all nighters on their stools and soap boxes, the line of fans waiting for the ticket gates to open began to grow quickly after 6.30. By 9 it extended solidly from the Polo Grounds down Eighth avenue to the viaduct, under that along One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street to Bradhurst avenue and down Bradhurst avenue to One Hundred and Forty-eighth street. Above the viaduct men massed four abreast.

Fred Snodgrass will not be in centerfield when the Giants take the field. McGraw's regular centerfielder is suffering from a case of aggravated "charley horse." The trouble developed a few days ago. Yesterday during practice he gave the "Charley Horse" an extra wrench and this morning a lameness developed that makes him practically useless for running bases. Shaffer will play in the outfield and Herzog will guard third base. Harry McCormick can also be sent into centerfield in an emergency.

When the gates opened the whole line began crawling slowly forward, not sinuously like a snake but with the sure mechanical progress of an "L" road escalator. As gate after gate opened the line moved faster and faster, and when the whole twenty-seven entrances were in action the line below the Polo Grounds was moving at a double, almost a run. From end to end stood one long row of unformed policemen, elbow to elbow, raincoats on arm, cheerfully "joshing" with the hurrying fans.

LUCKIER THAN RESERVED SEAT HOLDERS.

Not a bit of confusion in that early rush. Getting into the Polo Grounds was like strolling across the Brooklyn Bridge at noon. As a plain matter of fact those who depended upon buying their tickets at the gate had much the better of it, for they got in even more quickly than the holders of reserved seats on the upper tier and once inside could select the best seats in all the grand stand on the ground level at their leisure.

At 10 o'clock 4,000 were already in the big stand, massed in the center. Few holders of reserved seats came early. The bleachers filled more slowly than the stands. But in front of the field had a businesslike look. Every bit of ground not protected by turf was covered with tarpaulins. Beside the first base line were a number of benches arranged in a circle. The band, blue uniformed, took position there, and as the crowd marched in began to play a tango.

The mist began to roll upward and everybody grew cheerful. Behind me in the crowded stand there was the hum of thousands of voices, much laughter, loud cries of khaki-clad peanut peddlers and busy program boys. Everywhere those programmes fluttered in tiny squares of sky blue. The cover was decorated with a painted cartoon representing Father Knickerbocker shaking hands with a stout and complaisant "Jawn" McGraw, who held a 1913 pennant rolled up in his gloved left hand.

SPECULATORS BUSY AT GATES.

The Weather Bureau foretold a cloudy, misty day without rain until late in the afternoon, and as the morning grew steadily brighter and the possibility of a postponement of to-day's game seemed further and further away, peddlers of reserved seat tickets—sold privately before yesterday—grew noticeably active at the entrance of the grounds. Runners enticed many who had resigned themselves to buying \$2 and \$1 seats to nearby stores and saloons where choice reserved seats were to be had at bargain prices. Investigations by Evening World reporters showed that prices had fallen away very little from the speculative prices of yesterday.

At a quarter to eleven Secretary John Foster walked through the press stand. "That's all poppycock about the speculators getting big blocks of tickets," he said. "We've and detectives working on that and have traced just 262 tickets that are in possession of the speculators."

Crowd Waiting at Entrance to Polo Grounds And Boy Who Bought First Ticket to Game

(Specially Photographed by an Evening World Photographer)



That's all they have unless they picked up a few from individual owners this morning.

At 11 the lower stand was humming like a bee hive, all filled with the exception of a few seats in the corners and back row seats. New York can get out early for a ball game. No doubt of it. The band was playing something that sounded like "Die Wacht Am Rhein" probably out of compliment to the Mayor, whose box was still vacant.

A moving picture machine snapped the band at work. Then it was turned upon the men who were rolling the tarpaulins and clearing the field, encouraged by a little stronger light filtering through the mist overhead. Last the picture machine was turned upon the great blue pennant fluttering lazily at the masthead beyond the right field bleachers. Bonstally the pennant published: "Giants, World's Champions, 1903, 1888-89, 1904-5-11-12." That was a challenge to throw to the invaders.

But Chautaufer Harris was not the first person to get a ticket. By general agreement, Joseph Sullivan, a slip of a boy who had waited almost as long, was selected by the gatekeepers and the photographers for this honor, though any five hundred of the first buyers had each as good a chance to see the game as the other.

Next came famous twins, the Woods sisters, Aileen and Doris, who have not missed their seats in the front row, midway between the first base and home plate, at a single game the Giants have played this year. Last year the Twins sat up all night for early seats. This year they appeared at a little after 8 o'clock and brushed aside the order of Inspector Titus to go back to the foot of the line.

"We are the Twins," they said, "and when Mr. McGraw heard that as steady rooters as we had to stay up all night last year he told us to come to the head of the line this year and he would see that we got in anyway."

GIRLS ENTER AT HEAD OF LINE.

The word of McGraw to the loyal ladies was made good. Miss Aileen and Miss Doris were the second and third to buy tickets. There was no grumbling among those against whom they were preferred. All regular Giant fans know the two by their almost identical features, figures and dress and by their keen and instinctive knowledge of the game and players, as well as by their fierce, almost vindictive, adherence to the Giants' cause.

A pathetic comedy at the entrance was the continuous dropping out of line of boys and men who had been in line all night in the hope of selling their places, but who had not themselves the money to buy a ticket once the opportunity was forced on them. Some who had money earlier in the night found that sinking pickpockets had robbed them as they dozed.

Among those who felt in their pockets for money which was not there—though it had been—then turned away blank and fazed was Dusen Berkos of the Art Students' League, who found that \$7 had been stolen from him.

With the lower stands all filled by 11.30, time began to hang heavy on the hands of the waiting fans. The band broke into a lively Irish jig tune. Somebody rolled up a peanut bag and threw it. In a moment the whole stand took up the challenge. Programmes and newspapers, whole or in small fragments, filled the air. It might have become a Donnybrook, but just then the band turned on the slow music and the confusion stopped. A moment later another bar or so of jig tune started the riot again.

One tall, gangling youth stood up in the middle of the lower stand and held his derby hat overhead at arm's length for a target. A blizzard of flying paper came his way. A folded newspaper carried away the hat. It fell in the crowd twenty feet away and a second later popped up minus its brim. The gangling youth accepted the wreck and sat down. Over back of the wire screen four men started a pinochle game. That was discovered and roughed out of existence. The cards went flying over the heads of the crowd and the discomfited players ducked into obscurity. By this time there were no more \$2 seats to be had. Back of the covered stand seats thousands began to patrol, looking for standing room. The bleachers at noon still showed a few bare spots.

Curiously enough, the feminine fan was in a very small minority. The few in the lower stands were all quietly dressed, lost in the general tone

MAYOR KLINE SAYS THE GIANTS WILL WIN.

Carrying his official high tide in a leather case, Mayor Kline jumped from his car to the City Hall plaza to-day like a schoolboy starting on a vacation. "Are you going to the game, Mr. Mayor?" chorused a group of official fans. "What a question—of course I'm going," beamed the Mayor. "Which team is going to win?" "The Giants, of course. Who else could win?" replied the Mayor.

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of dull gray. Few women had braved the expected rush and jam at the gates, and those who did were dressed for a bargain counter struggle and rainy weather. The scene was in startling contrast to that at any big football games where bright colors turn the grand stands into beds of violets and carnations.

CHEERING WHEN PLAYERS CAME.

An hour and a quarter more to wait. The stage all set. Only the actors absent. Slowly the boxes and upper stand began to fill. The band played loudly. All of a sudden the crowd broke into a roar. A huge clapping of hands, a shrieking of applause. Down near the right field fence a group of ball players had appeared. In a few seconds more they were rushing out upon the field. The Athletics were all in blue jerseys, gray trousers, with legs wasp-striped in narrow bands of blue. Camera men galloped madly about, flags appeared as by magic in the stands.

Then down the field trotted John McGraw and his Giants, all with broad purple bands on their stockings and purple visors on their caps, the royal colors. In a second twenty men, paired off, were tossing baseballs about, warming up. "There's Matty" yelled the crowd. "And there's Marquard."

Chief Meyers strolled through the bunch, careless of moving pictures. McGraw with Harry Stevens stood posing for a picture, while the fans "kidded." The Philadelphians took the field and batted balls to the outfield. Baker knocked the first ball tossed clear over into the rightfield bleachers. "Oh," yelled the fans. Baker walked back jauntily, pursued by an army of camera men. He came up again a moment later and swatted to the rightfield fence. Bender, sweater-covered and stolidly chewing gum, balanced a couple of bats and looked bored.

The band played "Normandie." Eleven camera men and a moving picture outfit cornered Baker and photographed him shaking hands with Herzog.

While the warming up was in full blast an automobile rolled out on the field and stopped back of the home plate where it was presented to Jake Daubert of Brooklyn "as the most valuable player" in the National League. There was very little ceremony and many moving pictures. This surely was one grand little occasion for the movies. Reno wasn't a circumstance beside it. Daubert did not look very happy as a movie hero. Being a "most valuable player" is more in his line. To make the movie atmosphere complete John Bunney walked through the length of the grandstand. As his well known "map" moved along the ball fans all recognized him and gave him a share of applause. John wasn't at all embarrassed. He wore a smile a foot wide, by actual measurement.

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DIED.
LATQUETTE—On Oct. 6, PAUL LATQUETTE, beloved husband of Marie Latquette, nee Wheeler, at his residence, No. 81 Simmons Ave., Fort Richmond, E. I.
Funeral services Wednesday evening, Oct. 8 at 8 o'clock. Interment Thursday, Oct. 9.